

## LOCAL ITEMS

About Our Town and Its People

Mr. and Mrs. Bert McNaughton have moved back to Belding. They are now residing with her mother, Mrs. Jason Scott.

Clayton F. McNaughton of Grand Rapids was home over Sunday to visit his mother and sister.

Mrs. Mary Sears of Grand Rapids was a week-end guest of Mrs. Jason Scott.

Clara Kimball Young in "Magda" at the Empress Sunday and Monday. This is the first number on the Select Pictures program, new to Belding and of which there are none better. Don't miss the opening number.

Albert Howard of Iowa was the guest of his sister, Mrs. Peter Hansen of this city this week.

Mrs. Mary Farrell, of Edmore, and Mrs. Francis Johnson, of Six Lakes, returned to their homes Saturday morning after having visited at the home of their granddaughters and daughter, Mrs. C. W. Brigham.

Mrs. Kate Shannon went to Alma, Saturday morning to visit for the day with her daughter, Grace.

Miss Rose Wingler went to Lansing Saturday at noon to visit with her brother, who is stationed at the M. A. C., for a few days.

Miss Minnie Leetch returned to her school work at Mt. Pleasant, Saturday morning after visiting at the home of her cousin, Mark Leetch for a time.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernie Oberlin were called to Blanchard Saturday morning by the serious illness of an aunt.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry McLean of Iowa, have moved to this city and are living at 408 Hambrook, in the Thos. Bracken house. Mr. McLean is a machinist in the Grand Rapids Brass plant.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Gardner, of Alton, Ill., arrived in the city last week and will make their home in the future with their son, A. R. Gardner and family of Ellis avenue.

Arlington C. Morrow, U. S. N., from the U. S. battleship Maine, stationed at Yorktown, Va., was a guest a few days last week of his friend, Miss Barber Hastings.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Mast, who have been residents of Chicago for some months past returned to their home in this city Friday evening and are glad to get back to the old town. Fred says that city life is all right, but that the Mrs. is stuck on Belding and life is too short to live in a town that you do not like and so they are back home.

The next meeting of the M. W. A. will be held at their hall Tuesday evening, November 19. All members make a special effort to be present.

Mrs. Smith Stanton and daughter, Lila Parent, went up to Greenville, Saturday to spend the day visiting with relatives.

No time like the present to stop indigestion and stomach ills. Mi-o-na tablets do the work. Sold by Wortley & French; your money back if they fail.—Advertisement.

At the morning service at 10 a. m. E. church Sunday, Nov. 17, will be a memorial service for Wm. Bakman. Mrs. Jim Antcliff left for Lansing Wednesday morning to visit her sister.

Mrs. Busell went to Moseley Wednesday morning to visit her daughter, Mrs. Thomas.

C. H. Younger and wife left Wednesday morning for Philadelphia to visit relatives and friends.

Unless a good place is found for a girl to work and go to school she will be compelled to quit school. Notify Supt. S. J. Skinner.

Wortley & French, the well-known druggists, have a special proposition for anyone who is suffering with rheumatism. Ask about the Rheuma plan.—Advertisement.

## Ruben Rich Is Dead.

A phone message to the Banner-News on Monday, announces the death of Ruben Rich of Trufant, at an advanced age and after a long illness. Mr. Rich will be remembered by many in this city and vicinity as a former resident. His funeral was held this Wednesday morning from his home under the auspices of the Trufant lodge of Masons of which he was a member.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Donovan and baby daughter, Rosalie Mary, of Detroit, came up Saturday evening for an over Sunday visit at the home of the former's father, John S. Donovan. Lawrence returned to Detroit Tuesday evening, but Mrs. Donovan and the baby will remain here for a month to visit with Grandpa Donovan.

Attention I. O. O. F. Regular meeting of Silk City lodge, No. 447, will be held at I. O. O. F. hall on Tuesday evening, Nov. 19. Nomination of officers, also something special at this meeting. A good attendance is desired. By order of the Noble Grand.

## Card of Thanks.

We wish to extend our heartfelt thanks to friends and neighbors for their kindness and sympathy shown us at the death of our son and friend, Mrs. L. J. Stevenson.

Mrs. S. L. Wright.

The new Select Pictures at Empress Sunday and Monday.



All persons who have received Christmas labels from men over seas will you kindly call at once for your boxes at the local Red Cross headquarters in the city hall. Boxes will not be sent after Wednesday, November 20. Rooms are open every day from 9 a. m. until 6 p. m. Also on Wednesday and Saturday evenings.

## SOLDIERS WRITE OF DOINGS IN THE LAST DAYS OF WAR

HUGO FALES, OF MOTOR TRUCK SCHOOL HAS SEEN MUCH OF WAR DEVASTATED FRANCE

Hugo Fales, son of Mayor and Mrs. Elmer E. Fales, has written the following letter to his parents:

Motor Transport School, No. 1  
A. P. O. No. 772.  
October 12, 1918.

Dear Mother and Father:

Just received your letters of Aug. 25 and Sept. 10 last evening. They were rather long about coming because they had to go out the front and then back here to me. I think the mail service is improving nowadays considerably but I can send a letter to you much quicker than I can receive one. We are down here in this school now and probably will be until the end of the war. We are instructing, that is to say we lecture about three hours a day on cars then we go on convoy for about four hours a day. Our lectures take a very part of a car. We get up at 6:30 and stand reveille, we then have breakfast at 7:30 we go out on convoy which lasts until dinner time; after dinner we lecture for three hours and stand retreat at 5:30. In this school there are four departments; first we have men learning to drive; second, men training for non-coms; or non-coms training for officers and officers training for a higher rank. We have two of the French instructors that were instructors at the officers' school that I attended in July so I have completed all of this course.

I was asked the other day to put in my application for a commission so some of these days I expect a commission. It takes some time for it to be signed at Washington so it will probably be quite a little while before it comes through but they tell me they are rushing it so I have something to look forward to. I had a note from Chas. Ross the other day. He is now in France and another from John Crell. I must write both of them.

I intended to enclose a clipping in my last letter of an experience that I. E. Sturges and myself had at the front in the big retreat last summer. This article was published in the Stars & Strips, an American army paper in regard to our company. It is true and will always be fresh in my memory. I received the Banner and note that the Banner has the impression that I am taking life easy; well that is so now but it was quite the contrary while I was at the front. I lost 41 pounds while there; that sounds as if I had been working a little don't it. The reason I like to get back to the front is this: There is lots doing, something new every minute and plenty of excitement; it does give a fellow any time to do anything but work and sleep, therefore time passes much faster.

Ferguson sure has the American spirit and there are sure a lot of others over here of the same type.

I have seen some of the largest guns in action and they are wonderful. I really don't see how some of these fellows get the idea of getting married before they get over here because it is much harder on both of them. There are a lot of them over here in the same boat. Must close for this time.

From your affectionate son, Hugo.

P. S.—I am enclosing a coupon for a Christmas package. Don't buy out the store.

The following is the enclosed clipping referred to above:

Lieutenant Robinson's outfit of trucks has for its insignia an Indian head. There was a time when this befuddled red-man on the tail gates bringing to mind the dash and romance of the plains and the fiery action of the cinema, seemed rather to belie these lumbering unemotional trucks, while the drivers, who had come to France with their own notions as to what war was like, had their enthusiasm a bit dented when their part in the great game seemed to consist of screwing up inaccessible grease cups and waiting for convoys at loading parks to finish their soups.

Lying on their backs squinting the grease guns while large flakes of oily mud fell into their eyes and driving for days and nights without stop or sleep through hot stinging dust clouds caused their chauffeur-doughboys to think that their life was far, far removed from romance.

But not now. Now even that section of transplanted New York East Side taxi drivers is satisfied for this new style has brought the M. T. C. into its own.

In the old days, for example, the truck took ammunition to a dump where it was transferred in the night by small horse vehicles to the field artillery. During these speedy two months, though, trucks have been hauling ammunition straight to the guns—in the day time—the guns waiting at times and not giving the shells time to touch the ground before they were in the breeches. The pieces have been moving so quickly that often the ammunition has been taken to new positions in advance before the guns themselves got there.

This pace, which makes the foot soldiers pant to keep up with it, has been too fast even for the horse. Sixty-ounce quince guns are carried by the trucks and then other trucks and omnibuses bring up the horses.

To make still more speed, drivers have been loading and unloading their own trucks as well as driving. One section serving with the French in the Montdidier region claims a record for unloading six-ounce quince guns. In exactly 23 minutes it unloaded eight.

Truck convoys have always been subject to shell fire and gas. The life has no means been a tame one. And anybody who has ever driven a five-ton truck with five tons of ammunition on an all night run will admit that to be an M. T. C. man requires steel nerves, especially on crowded roads without lights, when perhaps the driver cannot see three yards in front of him and perhaps with sheets of rain dashing against his face, when

an error in judgment means smashing an enemy caisson or bumping a half-dazed sleepy doughboy into the ditch. To this, however, has been added the wild west touch with which Lieut. Robinson's red-man insignia fits in so well.

The truck now meets the airplane in battle. One outfit recently staged a truck-driver-airman combat that would have delighted the heart of the most spirited of movie directors.

Thirty-five trucks were attacked by eight two-seated planes with machine guns and bombs. At the end of a 15-mile chase every truck was scarred one had been partly shattered by a bomb, and one man was wounded; but the planes who had had the advantage, retired and the drivers declared it a victory.

The Yanks had few resources on their side in this unequal combat, but they used them all. Immediately they took a zig-zag course as much as the road would permit and at every forced stop due to congestion of traffic, the drivers seized their Springfield and plugged away.

The picturesque feature was added meanwhile by the second drivers who stood on the running boards the whole time with automatic and rifle shot at the pursuers.

The planes came to within 50 yards overhead, too low for anti-aircraft guns to get at them, and the truckmen could see the face of the German as they leaned over to drop their bombs. But the only important effect of the scrimmage was that the trucks reached their destination half an hour early.

As to steel nerves, one might mention a certain sergeant in the Soissons region whose car went dead at a corner under a barrage fire. While the shells filled the air about him with splinters and the dust of falling houses and while five soldiers were killed half a dozen paces away, he nonchalantly readjusted the delicate mechanism of his magnet.

But the foremost is the story of Private Kuszmaul.

The German bombing planes have developed a neat idea of making the night life of the truck driver interesting by dropping flares into a town where they think convoys may be passing and then bombing by the light of these, the star shell reversed.

In this manner Kuszmaul's truck was struck squarely by a bomb. Kuszmaul was hurled from his seat into a ditch by the roadside and wounded in the thigh.

Then, according to the official report, he "got up," thus wounded, re-ranked his car, found that the engine was uninjured, got back into his seat, put off his brake, threw in his clutch and drove his car three yards before he lost control." On the way to hospital Private Kuszmaul died of his wound.

Kuszmaul of the M. T. C. had stuck to his job.

Leo Ritterdorf, son of John Ritterdorf, south of the city, writes the following letter to his father:

Camp Custer, Oct. 19.

Dear Father:

As today is Saturday and I have a little spare time will answer your letter.

I received that box of apples but the box had been split in two and a few had been taken out but the rest of them are fine and they sure taste good to me. I thank you very much for them.

Well, pa, there was another fellow out of F company died this morning and there is another that I believe will die for he looks awful bad. Say this company F that I'm in is getting pretty tough. The other day somebody stole the bolt out of my rifle when my gun was in the gun rack.

Well, I think we'll soon get our overseas examination for A and B companies out of the 10th infantry had the examination today.

I don't expect I'll ever get home again until peace is declared on account of this quarantine. One of the corporals told me yesterday that we would be restricted to quarters for 30 days after the quarantine is lifted because one of our men wore his sweat-er over his shirt out to the shooting range so I don't expect to see any of you folks for awhile.

Well, I'm feeling pretty good just now and I'm still gaining in weight. I weigh about 175 lbs. now, so don't worry about me for I'm having a pretty good time even if we can't leave the barracks we have got a good jolly bunch together, all of us fellows who got out of the hospital are kept separate and we sure have a good time together. We sometimes get pretty rough and get to scuffling so you see we get used to anything here but we don't box much yet on account of getting warmed up. There are about 25 of us that came from the hospital.

Say, pa, I was on the shooting range yesterday and I shot my rifle 105 times yesterday. It has about as much kick as a shotgun but you can't shoot much over ten shots a minute. They have got about five automatic rifles in our company. They will shoot 20 times and all you have to do is hold the trigger so you see it shoots some. Well, I guess I will close for this time. I know I know at present, so goodbye with love to all. Answer soon. From your loving son, Leo Ritterdorf.

Tell all the folks hello.

Ray McConnell, well known local man writes the following two letters to his wife, Rose McConnell, here:

Cosne, Sept. 19, '18.

My Dear Wife:

Just a few lines today to let you know I am well and hope this letter finds you the same. I was over to Sancerre last Sunday that is about 8 miles from where I am here in Cosne. Saw Capt. Holcomb and had a long talk with him also visited an old castle that has stood there since the 14th century. It is on top of a hill just above the city of Sancerre. I was down in the dungeon under it where they used to chop off the heads of their prisoners. I am sending you 12 postcard views of the town of Sancerre and the country around there. It is sure a beautiful sight to go up on the hill and look at the surrounding country. It is a beautiful country all around as far as you can see and you can see for miles from the top of the hill. Wish you could be here with me to see the country but of course under different circumstances. It is sure some fine country around here.

I suppose you went up to your folks on Labor day. Hope they are all well. They are having a fair here. All the farmers bring their stock into

town and sell it to the highest bidder. They call this a fair. They have cattle, horses, mules, hogs, goats and calves, chickens, geese, ducks and lots of wine. I was down and watched this forenoon. It is sure some sight to watch them and not know what they are saying. About 50 American nurses went through here a few days ago and stopped here for about two hours and had lunch with us. It sure did seem good to see some one that we could talk with. They are going to some hospital here in France. Will close for this time with lots of love to you from your loving husband.

Cook Chas. R. McConnell,  
339 Amb. Co., 310th San Train, A. E. F., France.

France, Oct. 9, 1918.

My Dear Wife:

Just a few lines to let you know I am well and hope you are the same. We moved yesterday to another town about 10 miles from where we were. Don't know how long we will be here. We celebrated our first anniversary the first day of the month. Just one year the first of this month that we entered the service and left for camp. We sure had a nice time; would have liked to have had a kodak picture of the ten when we were all lined up in it. I sent you a package today with a pillow top in it for you and a handkerchief for mother. Hope you will like them. I am sending you some poetry and some ribbon in this letter.

There is a large American hospital not far from where we are. I went out in the country with three of the other boys this forenoon and helped the French people pick grapes. We had some very good wine. The people over here drink wine same as we drink water back in the States. I saw Clayton Knapp and Don Pilkington last night. They are in the same town here with me and Art Strong is just about three miles from me. Have not seen Art yet but am going out where he is to see him. Oscar Moore is also in the same town. Well my dear girl, I don't think but what we will all be coming home before very long now. It begins to look as if the war is at a finish. Does any one hear from Jack Barron or Tom Barnes or any of the boys that have been over here very long. I got three Banners yesterday and it sure seemed good to read the old home paper again. You can tell Ed the first time you see him what I said and you may also tell him to tell the people in his paper that they need not be afraid to give the Red Cross and the Y. M. C. A. all the money they can spare for it all goes to the boys' and make them comfortable and happy over here and will also help to win the war and we are sure going to win. If we don't get home this winter I think we will be home in the spring sure. I got those kodak pictures all right and they sure did look good to me.

This Co. has raised 3,500 francs to help support the Belgian orphans. That much money will keep seven children for one year, pay his schooling, board and clothe them. Isn't that good? Five francs is about equal to one dollar of our money. I can't tell you any more where we are and can't send you any more cards. Well, I don't know any more to write this time so will close with love to you, from your true husband.

Cook Charles R. McConnell,  
339 Amb. Co., 310th San Train, A. E. F., France.

Rheumatism is increasingly prevalent, due to the heavy rains this year. This explains the unusually large demand Wortley & French have for Rheuma, the one remedy for rheumatism sold on guarantee.—Adv.



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SEVENTH FEDERAL RESERVE BANK  
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M. A. Trafor  
DIRECTOR OF SALES  
TREASURY CERTIFICATES OF INDEBTEDNESS

J. M. ... GOVERNOR

## A TRIBUTE TO AMERICA

The following is clipped from a July number of the London Meat Trade Journal:

"We cordially welcome among us Mr. Herbert Hoover, Food Administrator of the United States, whose services to the allied cause have been of immense value. He has come to attend a conference with the food ministers of Great Britain, France and Italy, which takes place in London this week. The object of his visit is to determine the method of handling our food supplies for the next twelve months, so far as they can be determined in advance. We thank him personally for what he has and is doing on behalf of the allies, and also the great American Nation, who are 'absolutely in this war as regards food as well as men.' While we watch with admiration the fighting qualities of their heroic army in France, let us not forget to gratefully acknowledge the splendid service of the people in the States, where everyone is doing his bit, whether at the dinner table or in the field."

Care Must Be Taken.

Health Officer Little warns against the promiscuous gathering of people when it is not necessary and reports that after the gathering of the celebrators last Thursday, that eight new cases of the flu were discovered. The doctor warns against collecting in places and urges the public to take extra precautions. There have been a number of other cases reported within the past few days and the health officer is of the opinion that unless great care is taken that another ban will be placed on the city as has been done in other cities since the former ban was raised.

Everybody Works.  
Everybody works, even father And he's happy as can be. He only puts in a half a day, And gets a great big V. Soon he'll take a pleasure trip, And that's what makes him smile. He knows the fare will only be One-sixth of a cent a mile. Of course mother goes along too, And they'll have a dancy time, Aseeing all the grand sights, In that California clime. We kids will stay at home this trip, And we'll have a good time, too; For since Old Profit System died, We don't have so much to do. —Frances Fey Evans.

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## FARMERS

Bring me your Cream. Will pay 60c per pound for Butter Fat. Bring it in any time. FRANK O'BRYON

PHONE 188

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